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Jumpman: A Ghazal with Pivots

In a city where bird is basketed on a bed of white bread and french fries,
flyness is predicated on what emblem is rocked on feet, see: Jumpman.

Gospel's basis begins by testimony, always. In this case, He: Jumpman.
God disguised as Michael Jordan quipped the man nicknamed *Legend*.

It's gotta be the shoes, right? Gravity-defiers. Deifiers, for real. The way
he hangs crooked in the air like a hanged man's neck. *He got jumps, man!*

The latest pair released. Bad move: these kids just might be jumped, man.
Tongue sticking out: how boys brashly walk windy streets when they got
them things, three digits easy. He makes shoes for Republicans, too. Puffs
cigars, clipping balls off tees. Logo of a personality: *he been jumped, man*.
Posts up. Double-teamed. Kicks out. Re-posts. Three dribbles in. Fakes right.
Pivots baseline. Fades away. *Defender? High enough? He can't jump, man!*

Hoop. Ear ring. Peddle cologne. Open restaurants. Eat free: like Jumpman.
All I want to do is ball. Be at least six feet six inches tall. Wear that gold.

Die. I'm a kid, you see. I got dreams of mansion wings. *Let me jump, man!*
Don't start talking to me about sweatshops. Wife-cheating. Rolling loaded—

another pair snatched off a body: *should've ducked, but he jumped, man*.
If I could be like Mike! choirboys sing, but come June, His phone just rings.

He came back a second time, but with no growth spurt in sight, I minded to
bookish things: ballistics, statistics, saving lives. A better me jumped, man.